HODA'S

Continued From Last Issue

hode and Mary will work hard her, and Jack will go back to d, let us hope, and get his de-

hope so. Molly won't care half nch for him when he is respect-

loy and girl friends are such a ake!" said Mrs. Dering, with a of vexation. "Jack was such a y boy too! We were all so fond

ou see Molly had no brother," Mind Dering.

to remark brought a look of to the mother's face. It was great trouble of her life that y had no brother.

f Adrieu and Mary would marry hould be satisfied," she said,

and we should live happy ever " returned Miss Dering, with a sneer. "Go away now, Agnes, leave me to get a little rest. I come down to luncheon."

rs. Dering heard sounds of gay hter and talk coming from the ag-room as she went downstairs. walked quickly across the hall opened the door sharply.

olly's roses lay on the table bethe glass bowl she had brought rrange thom in, and Molly her-, with a black puppy in her arms, standing on the hearthrug and ing to Jack. Jack's broad shoulwere leaning against the oak atelshelf, and he was looking on with laughing eyes at the little

re beside him. Don't I remember?" he was saywhen the door opened to admit Doring. Both started, and t's face grew red.

'Don't scold me, Mra. Dering,' aid, with a smile that made Mrs. ring's frown disappear despite "I am going to a tutor to-This is my last day of

I am glad to hear it," replied Mrs. ing, trying to speak severely oily, I thought you were going to ange these roses."

So I am, Look at my puppy, ther. Isn't he a pet? We are go-to call him 'Bill.' "

Mrs. Dering glanced coldly at the

'Arrange your roses, Mary; then vant you in my room. Mr. Maltd will be able to find your father, lare say."

She left the room, and Molly and young man looked at each other h conscious faces.

'Mr. Maitland!" repeated Molly. der her breath. Mr. Maitlandi" echoed Jack, with

ueful look. "Oh, Molly!" Mary picked up her roses with hand, hugging the puppy to her h the other, She pushed the wers all into the bowl, which she

ced in the middle of the table. 'Mr. Mattland," she repeated in. Then she met Jack's glance, the faces of both turned scarlet. 'Molly, what shall I do?"

"Go away to your tutor's, my dear ; got your degree, and thenn you will be Jack again."

There's that Adrian -- your moth adores him!"—"Yes, she does." She hates me."—"That seems in to an average intellect." Molly!"

she looked up at him and then sed the puppy again. He came e to her, and his hand touched soft hair about her brow. You don't hate me?" he said

dingly. Isn't he a darling?" the girl said. ling up the puppy to him. "Kiss

Jack, the darling pet!" Molly, just one word. I am goaway to-morrow."

Mr. Maitland, I think you are cruel to my pot!" You are very cruel to me!"

folly looked up into the young t's face, and her ewn changed softened as a warm wave of col-

assed ever it. Not cruel, Jack; don't say that our little Molly !"

Are you my little Molly!" he said drew away and went quickly to

I must go to mother," she said; a you-you, Jack, must go and

he girl did not go attaight to her her's room; she went thio her like.'
Ittle snactum and sat down bethe fire, then she but the puppy fully into the softest chair and prod him with her protticat anti-

"Dear Jack!" she whispered to If, as she patted her puppy's

ments in atlant contemplation, i WHER them of decision that a grow character to bis face, he

went out towards the stables. found Mr. Dering still busy with the head groom and waited very patiently natil he had finished and then walked with him towards the house. When they had entered the broad walk that led from the stables to the house, Jack stopped.

"Mr. Dering, I want to tell you-

"Well, Jack?"

"You will be angry-I know you will be angry; but I cannot go away without telling you."

Mr. Dering looked wonderingly at

the young man's pale face. "Jack," you have got into debt again-broken your promise to your

"No It's not that I won't break that promise-it's nothing like that But I will make a clean breast of it, and you may forbid me the house if you will!"

"Go on; lots hear what it is."

"I love Molly, sir!" Mr. Dering stepped back to the

other side of the path; he did not speak, and Jack went on

"I love her, sir, with all my heart and soul! I can't help it! Who could help loving Molly?"

"Does she know?" asked Mr. Dering, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know; yes, I do know. She must have guessed; but I never said anything till this morning.' "Well?"

"I didn't say anything plain, and she put me off. She said I must take my degree. Of course I must. But, when that's over and I come back, I must speak to her!"

Mr. Dering shook his head. "It won't do, Jack!"

"Why not, sir? I know I shall never be rich; but my father has enough, and I am his only child."

"It won't do, Jack." Mr. Dering repeated; "Molly is going to marry her cousin!"

Jack turned pale.

"It can't be true?"

"It has been arranged with Adrian for years," returned Mr. Dering. "Molly laughs at him. He is too

old, too grave for ber." "Not at all. You and Molly are two children, Jack, and you must forget all this. Go away, my boy,

and learn to forget It!" "I am going away," Jack returned with a dreary smile; "but I shall not forget it, and, when I come back, I shall do my best to win

"She and Adrian are meant for each other. Mrs. Dering will be shocked at this, Jack; she trusted

you sol" The young man drew himself up

with a look of pride. "I love Molly," he repeated firmiy; "I have no reason to feel ashamed! You have let us be friends together, and I love her. I mean to tell her so when I come

"It won't do, Jack," repeated Mr. Dering, shaking his head; 'A must marry Adrian! You were right to tell me; but you will see that it will not do. It would break Mrs.

Dering's heart." "I thought it right to tell you," Jack sold, ignoring the last remark. "I wont say anything to Molly now, I will premise you that, and I won't come in to luncheon. Make my avcuses to Mrs. Dering."

The young man shook hands and strode away. Dering looked after him wih a fond look

"But it won't de!" he repeated, as he turned toward the house.

He went straight to his wife's room and found her speaking gravely to Molly, who was standing on the hearth rug, listening vory demuraly to her mother's speech.

"Run away, Molly," said Mr. Derlog, sitting down upon one of the great bak armchairs by the fireplace. "I want to speak to your mother.

"Go and change your dress, Mary," said Mrs. Dering, "and got your hair done afresh."

"I shall look so neat that Adrian will ask to be introduced," the girl answered lightly. "Don't be cross

any more, mother dear."
"I am not cross," replied Mrs. Dering-"only auxious that you should remember that you are no

konger a child." "I will be so good that you wen't know met" Molly went lightly to the door and then turned round. "I may invite 'Bill' to luncheon, mayn't I?" "Bill-who is that?" said Mr. Dertrly, bending down to her, Bus ins. who had been watching his daughter's every movement with ad-

> miring eyes. "My darling puppy-may he come?"

Mr. Dering laughed. "Qo away: and bring Bill If you

Molly shut the door and her father turned to Mrs. Dering. "She's a perfect child still, isn't

I have been speaking to her about her childish ways. I am glad that Rhoda is coming. She wants a

Mr. Dering moved uneasily in his

"I have been talking to Jack," he anid, with a troubled glanco.

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Did You Ever Notice a Brick--

Mason when he began the foundation of a house, how careful he was in mixing the mortar, cement and gravel?

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"To Jack? What have you been eavlag?"

"He has been speaking to me. He says he is in love with Molly.

Mr. Dering did not meet his wife's glance, but bent over the fire to arrange the logs. Mrs. Dering got up and crossed over to hin.
"George, the boy must be mad!

You told him it was out of the question, of course!"

"Yes, Agnes-I told him so."

"Well?" "Well, the boy is in carnest. He has gone to his tutor's, but he intends to speak to Molly when he comes back."

"You must forbid it! Write to his father, George, and forbid it absplutely. Mary must marry Adrian. This must be put a stop to at once!" And Mrs. Dering looked towards her writing table as if she would then and there write a final letter.

"My dear, you are not quite just about this. I do not want Molly to marry Jack, but what are we to do? I told bim that it was out of the question. I told him it wouldn't

"I shall write to him!"

"No, Agnee." Mr. Dering spoke firmly. "He has gone to Oxford, and he will be away for three months or If in that time Adrian can win Molly, well, then, that will be all

Mrs. Dering stood looking into the fire with a frowning brow and compressed lips. She completely ruled her husband in small matters, but she knew she must yield in this.

"Mary most marry Adriau," sho That is what I want. But I will not have her forced into it, Agnesi" "Jack in a boy, Motly cannot

care for him Adrian will find it Mr. Dering said nothing, but shook his head as his wife turned

CHAPTER III.

At Mr. Dering's request, More Amelto had sent two lay sisters with Rhoda as far as Calais. At Calais the was met by her uncle. As the train drew up at the platform she Rhoda to love us all. You are so was looking out, expecting to see lag home, remember. It will be as

some tall dark man like her father. It was a great surprise when a somewhat short, burly, cheery little gentleman bustled up to her and held out his hands.

"I should have known you anywhere, my dear," he said warmly. "You are a thorough Dering. We have ever so many good likenesses of you at home in our picture gal-

They had only just time to catch the boat, and Mr. Dering hurried his niece away, only giving her a few moments for a hasty farewell to her two companions.

"Very kind, good women they looked too," he said, referring to them when he and Rhoda were safe

on the boat. "And they must be so fon, of you, Rhoda. I'll bound you shad a good manys tears last night. How many years have you been there."

"Dver since my mother died," Rhoda answered steadily.

"I wish you had come to us before, but there were circumstances which I do not care to mention-" He looked at the girl uneastly. "Your father and I are not friends, Rhods. You must not talk about him at Dering."

"I understand," she replied, and turned to hide the quiver of her lips. Her uncle patted her shoulder

"I wouldn't say it to you if you knew him better, my dear. But he has not been a good man. Now you are coming home, my dear, and you will have a father and mother and a doar little sister, Heaven bless her!" Rhoda's heart was swelling with

wounded feelings, but she kept her voice steady as she usked: "How old is your daughter?" "Just eighteen. Three years. younger than you are! But you look sider then you are, Rhoda. That is

because you are dark!" . #284. "And she is fair?" Blue eyes and light brown hair a regular English beauty. You will see her this evening. She is prepared a love you dearly, and I want you to love her very much, Rhoda- a love us all. You are se-

much your home as it is Molly's. You are my daughter now. You understand that, don't you, my dear?" "Thank you," the girl said faintly.

The warm tones the kindly looks only served to increase the feeling of misery at her heart. As she stood there watching the coast of Franca disappear in the cloudy distance, it was with difficulty that she prevented herself from telling her uncle all the truth. But her father's words were in her ears-"If they knew the truth, the doors of Dering will be shut to you for ever." And these words kept her silent.

It was quite dark when they reached Dering. The carriage was waiting for them at the station, and they drove quickly through long avenues of stately elms and limes that led to the house. Rhoda's uncle balf lifted her out and led her up the

"Welcome home, my dearl" he said, kissing her, as they reached the door. Then he led her in.

Rhoda had one glance at the great hall, with its glorious arched roof and panelled walls, and then two loving arms were clasped close round her, and Molly's sweet voice repected her father's "Welcome home!"

Mrs. Dering waited at the drawing room to great Rhoda.

"We are very glad to see you. Rhods," she said in her kind firm tones.

The calmness of this greeting restored Rhoda's self - possession, which had nearly given away. She answered questions about the journey with perfect calmness, conscious that Mrs. Dering's eyes were surveying her with critical surprise.

Mrs. Diring turned to her hus band when Molly had taken Rhode away to her room.

'I had no idea that Rhoda would be like this," she said. "I expected a girl, a shy young girl."

"She is a perfect Dering!" returned Mr. Doring heartily. "She is exactly like that beautiful portrait of Prudence Dering in the hall." "I do not see much likeness.

Rhodo's eyes are gray." (To Be Continued.)